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# RICHMOND TERMINAL



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## Mildred and the Little House

By MARY L. PARKER

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"Let's get married."

It sounds easy and casual enough, quite as if it were uttered on the spur of the moment; but Tom Corbett was far from easy and casual when he said it.

He had been framing the proposal for several months, and the various glowing sentiments which he evolved did not sound anything like the bald three words which he finally used.

But pretty Mildred McKay probably saw the volumes of eloquence pent up by bashfulness in Tom's adoring brown eyes, for she said:

"All right, Tom; let's."

Tom didn't know just what to do or say next; but it wasn't very long before he found Mildred in his arms, and he was marveling how soft and warm her arms were.

Naturally, after a bit, they fell to planning about the future, and found it an engrossing and fascinating pastime.

"Uncle Bob will build us a little house on the lot west of Mr. Simmons," said Mildred. "That's a nice neighborhood, and you'll be close to your work."

"Will he, Mildred?"

"Of course he will; I'll tell him that I want him to."

Uncle Bob was a wealthy and childless dabbler in real estate, and Mildred was his favorite niece. He paid in various ways for being fond of her. From the time she had been a small girl, he was expected to side with her against her parents; to avert threatened—and deserved—punishment; and to help get her own way when Mr. and Mrs. Moore proved unexpectedly stubborn.

They discussed the little house. Uncle Bob was to build, in a good-by that lasted from the back parlor to the front gate, and which consumed nearly two hours in the saying. The question of whether the shingle



Passed It Twice Daily.

should be plain or stained required a care for nearly every shingle. When Tom finally tore himself away from Mildred and the front gate, the little house had become a castle in the air. He sauntered homeward through the warm, odorous spring night, too happy even to whistle.

The engagement was blushingly confessed to Uncle Bob, who, after a certain amount of teasing, agreed to build the little house. Tom and Mildred gravely assumed a businesslike air and spoke of mortgages and monthly payments and similar prosy subjects. Uncle Bob smiled quizzically at that, and more mysterious and delightful hints about wedding presents.

The little house began to go up in the vacant lot next to Simmons'. Tom went four blocks out of his way to pass it twice a day. Not that such a course ever gained him a good look at it. When he was within a few hundred feet, his face began to grow hot; he seemed to have eyes all about his head that discovered his neighbors-elect peering out and smiling at him. So he looked straight ahead with a miserable assumption of indifference, hastened his steps, and almost ran by.

But the embarrassments of the day were almost swallowed up in the delights of the friendly twilight. Every evening he and Mildred, and sometimes Uncle Bob, went down to the little house and inspected it lovingly, board by board. Mildred, sure-footed as a mountain goat—which is a clumsy simile for one so daintily-clambered about the bare rafters and even out onto the roof. Together they talked over the plans and suggested minor changes which Uncle Bob faithfully impressed upon the carpenters next day.

One evening, when they followed the line of planks that led through the hall and parlor to the dining-room, Mildred uttered a little cry of disappointment.

"Oh, Uncle Bob!" she said, "I didn't want a long window at the back of the dining-room. I wanted one of those high, square ones, a buffet window, you know."

"This room won't be any too light," suggested Uncle Bob, doubtfully. "You see, it's on the north

side of the house, and I think two large windows are what you need."

Tom, hands in pockets, gazed out the empty frame. "Besides, with one of those high windows, Mildred, you couldn't see out of doors. And it's a pretty view of there."

It was a pretty view. The little house was on the crest of a hill and the ground sloped away from their back yard. Across a valley of greenery, for the many trees were now in their bravest panoply, loomed the red-brick automobile factory, in the office of which Tom earned his comfortable salary.

"I think the view is horrid," replied Mildred, surprisingly, "and I don't want to be looking at that ugly old factory all the time. That's the reason I'd like a high window."

"It may be ugly, but it's the place that is going to support us." Tom spoke quietly, but he shut his lips into a straight line in a peculiar way he had. Mildred knew she had displeased him, and that he was now arrayed against the buffet window.

She answered emphatically. Uncle Bob's kindly efforts could neither stop nor turn aside the discussion that followed. Their visit to the little house was cut short, and they walked home in constrained silence.

After Uncle Bob had taken his departure Mildred unwise responded the subject of the window. What she had said about the factory rankled, though Tom tried to frown. He was hurt, and showed it. Mildred grew unreasonable and then angry. The discussion wandered away from the window to other fields and grew even more bitter till Tom found himself out in the street, homeward bound, with his ring in his pocket and a throbbing pain in his heart.

The next day he would have tried to patch up their differences. But when he went to the Moore home it was to discover that Mildred had already gone to visit a married sister a hundred miles away. So Tom shut his teeth and vowed she could stay there until she became more sensible about the window. He could not bear to go to Uncle Bob, so he wrote a letter, explaining that the engagement was broken, and that the house need not be finished.

Two months dragged by, and Tom had never known such long, dull, cheerless days, though other folks thought it was a pleasant summer. He avoided the vicinity of the little house; food had no savor, and he did not sleep well. Mildred's face was constantly before his eyes.

At last he hunted up Uncle Bob. "I can't stand it any longer," he said; "I'm going to Mildred and tell her she can have her own way about everything if she'll only marry me. So finish the house."

"The house is finished," said Uncle Bob.

"What kind of a window in the dining-room?"

"A long one."

"But I've changed my mind. I want a buffet window there."

Uncle Bob's jaw snapped. "I don't care. Mildred's spoiled, and I've helped to spoil her. It's time she was curbed."

The sorely tried Tom grew haughty. "You'll put a buffet window there, or we won't live in that house!"

They stood glaring at each other. A messenger relieved a strained situation by putting a telegram into Tom's hands. He tore it open and read all its contents.

"Dear Tom," it said, in fine disregard of expense and the etiquette of telegram writing, "I was hateful and selfish about that window. I love the view of the factory. Have Uncle Bob put a long window in the dining-room, for my sake. Can you come over here for Sunday?" Mildred."

It was Monday afternoon. Tom crunched Uncle Bob's hand in both of his and rushed away. There was a train in half an hour.

Uncle Bob looked after him humorously. "Hateful and selfish; I love the view, a long window," he quoted. "Oh, well, that settles it, Briggs." He said to a man who had come up from across the street, "go and get your tools. I've got a little job for you. I want to change a window in that house I built next to Simmons'."

A Fine Talker.

"I like the look of this parrot," said the lady who had stepped into the bird store. "Is he a good talker?" The proprietor replied that the bird was an excellent talker, and it was evident the customer was favorably impressed.

"What is your price for him?" she asked.

The man had noticed the rich apparel worn by his customer, and he judged that there was a chance to make a little "easy money" at the expense of one who would never miss it.

"Ten dollars," he said with just the slightest possible hesitation.

"Five dollars, madam," instantly croaked the parrot.

The lady looked at the proprietor, who had turned red.

"He certainly is a fine talker," she said, "and he also seems to have good sense. I am willing to take him at his own valuation. Do I get him for that?"

"You do," answered the man, sadly.

Making Sure.

"What's yer idee in stoppin' yer watch an' keepin' the hands at six?"

"Thin Ol' Knows it's always correct at me time to get up in the morning." —Life.

When Johnny Counted.

Mother—Johnny Jones counts ten before he fights.

Tommy—Yep; and he doesn't count for anything after.

## CIGARETTES FLOURISH

WHERE OIL IS MOST NEEDED  
STATISTICS SHOW ALARMING INCREASE IN USE OF "PILL."

Efforts of Anti-Cigarette Forces in 1910 Bailed by Increase of 1,856,487,308 Cigarettes in Country's Output.

New York.—Like a tack in a taxi cab tire comes the news that the efforts of the anti-cigarette forces had no other result in 1910 than to increase the output of cigarettes in this country by some 1,856,487,308 of the little cousins of my Lady Nicotine.

Except to freshmen and sophomores of "frats," where pipes are frowned upon, the idea of one billion, eight hundred and fifty-six million, four hundred and eighty-seven thousand, three hundred and eight cigarettes, a mere myriaphotic figure, fixed to the fancy of the mathematical mind. For the benefit of all citizens not included in the foregoing, these statistics are furnished. Taking the average length of an honest cigarette at two and one-half inches, the increase for 1910, if placed end to end, would make a string 73,403 miles in length. This would be sufficient to build an unbroken line of cigarettes around the world, and then third track the system. These, be it understood, are cigarettes of American make, from the native straight cuts of Virginia to the actual and only "pills" smoked by the sultan, and made somewhere down in Greenwich street.

One in the trade know why there has been an increase. Probably boys who read novels have more money, says one. That the increase is due to the fact that hotels provide smoking rooms for women is denied. Dealers do point to the increase in the enrollment at the larger schools and colleges as a possible factor.

BULL TERRIER FIGHTS BULL

After a Furious Battle Both Succumb to Wounds, but the Bull Dies First.

New York.—A fight to the death between a thoroughbred English bull terrier and a Holstein bull took place at the stock farm of Eben Grover, at New Durham, N. J. The dog was a perfect specimen of the breed, and was valued at \$750. It took a dislike to the bull, a \$1,500 animal, immediately after the latter was brought to the farm. The other night the bull was placed in a large box stall. When an employee opened the door the dog slipped in and in two seconds the battle was on.

The dog whirled about the stall with lightning speed, leaping at the bull's throat with snapping teeth. Twice the dog was pinned against the wall of the stall by the horns of the brute, but finally by a quick spring sank its teeth in the throat of the bull. The great animal, roaring with pain, swung the little dog about and dashed its body against the walls, but it would not let go.

The battle had raged for an hour and Grover, with his sons, had entered the stall twice at the peril of their lives when the huge bull sank his teeth in the throat of the dog. The dog, loosening its hold for the first time, limped into a corner of the stall and died within a few minutes. Grover's right leg was badly torn by the dog's teeth.

Once.

"Once I entertained an angel unawares."

"How was that?"

"No. When I go to a grand opera in French I know I can't understand what they're singing, and I take it easy. But the strain to try to understand English as the grand opera stars will sing it will just about drive me crazy."

Graduation in Exercise.

Acquaintance—Mudge, you look tired. Still holding that job in the department store? It's time you were promoted.

Young Father—Well, I have been in a sort of way. I'm a counter jumper at night.

Once.

"Once I entertained an angel unawares."

"How was that?"

"I met a lady who was starring in musical comedy and I invited her and the gentleman who was with her to dinner. Later I learned that he was backing her show."

His Old Job.

"Have you never done any work?" asked the considerate lady, as she cut the third piece of pie.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Hungry Hank, "I used to work at bossin' me chafur an' me valet. I was a nabob in 'em days, ma'am."

Encouragement.

"Well," said one art critic, "I think our efforts have improved the display of public statuary in one respect."

"What is that?"

"You don't see wooden Indians in front of cigar stores any more."

Such Is Life.

"Well, you are famous now, my boy. Your old landlord has placed a tablet on the house you occupied so many years."

"Is that so? He never would paper it while I was there."

Set a Hot Pace.

The Friend—Have you used your flying machine?

The Inventor—No; but my wife has. She used it for kindling last week."

Its Mission.

"I regard the hobble skirt as a highly reformatory agent."

"How do you make that out?"

"Because it compels one to walk in the straight and narrow path."

Sorcher's Preference.

"Automobiling isn't so good in cold weather as in warm, is it?"

"Better," replied Mr. Chuggins, "provided it's cold enough to keep the constable indoors."

A Dangerous Crossing.

"And," said the fortune teller, "an enemy will shortly cross your path."

"Gee!" quoth the automobilist. "I hope he does it where there ain't any speed limits." —Puck.

Joke Lands Him in Jail.

Sioux Falls, S. D.—As the result of a practical joke a barber living at Artesian has been arrested on a charge of disorderly conduct because he partially shaved the head of a resident of the town, the complaining wife of the individual thus decorated.

When Johnny Counted.

Mother—Johnny Jones counts ten before he fights.

Tommy—Yep; and he doesn't count for anything after.

## CHAUFFEUR LUBRICATES AUTOMOBILE THOROUGHLY BUT OVERLOOKS THE LICENSE NUMBER.

"Giles," said De Whiz to his chauffeur, before he started on his run across the state, "have you oiled the machine thoroughly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure, Giles?"

"Yes, sir. I have filled the spring cups and the engine reservoir and I have greased the cornets-piston, the pluribus unum, the exhaust pipe, the muffled tread, the thingumboh, the rigamajig and both the hot boxes."

"Are you sure those are all the parts you have oiled, Giles?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have forgotten the most important place of all. Take the car and squirt a few drops of oil on the license number so that the dust will collect on it and make it hard to read. Always remember to lubricate the license number, Giles!"—Lippincott's.

ISN'T HE MEAN?

Bigley—Aren't you afraid to face home after forgetting your wife's package?

Littleton—Not at all; the minute I reach the house I'll start praising the biscuits I had for breakfast.

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Littleton—Not at all; the minute I reach the house I'll start praising the biscuits I had for breakfast.



50,000  
Population in 1915

## RAILROAD DIRECTORY.

**City of Richmond**  
Notice: The TERMINAL challenges any place in the world to show as great railroad development in ten years.

TRAINS LEAVE RICHMOND FROM THE MACDONALD AVENUE DEPOTS AS FOLLOWS:

## Southern Pacific

The subway, at the main Richmond depot on Macdonald Avenue, at a cost of \$5,000 a permanent mechanism, built in 1909, fixes for all time the central commercial traffic way.

The next improvement will be a modern, enlarged mission-style depot for the AVENUE and a local electricized road, an extension north from Berkeley to the depot, looping the loop via West Berkeley to San Francisco, with a cost fare,

Toward San Francisco:

Leave Richmond

Local Lv. Richmond ex. Sun. 5:45 a.m.

No 22 Local Lv. Richmond ex. Sat. only 6:25 a.m.

Local Leave Richmond 6:45 a.m.

No 8 Seattle Stop 10 a.m. Ashland 7:05 a.m.

No 4 Santa Rosa Calistoga Livermore 8:00 a.m.

No 10 Bakersfield 10:05 a.m. Sacramento 1:00 p.m.

No 14 Fresno Stockton 1:45 p.m. Redding 4:00 p.m.

No 14 Seattle Stop 10 a.m. Napa 1:00 p.m.

No 14 Sacramento 1:45 p.m. Redding 4:00 p.m.

No 8 Baker 10:05 a.m. Sacramento 1:00 p.m.

No 8 Bakersfield 10:05 a.m. Sacramento 1:00 p.m.

No 8 Sacramento 1:45 p.m. Redding 4:00 p.m.

No 17 Bay Point Sunday only 10:00 a.m.

No 17 Fresno Newhall Stockton 1:45 p.m.

From San Francisco:

Arr. San Fran. 10:00 a.m. 12:00 m.

No 10 San Fran. 12:00 m. 1:45 p.m.

Local Leave Richmond 6:45 p.m.

No 8 Los Angeles ex. Sat. of Macdonald 7:25 p.m.

Local Leave Richmond 7:25 p.m.

No 10 San Fran. 12:00 m. 1:45 p.m.

No 10 Sacramento 1:45 p.m. Redding 4:00 p.m.

No 17 Bay Point Sunday only 10:00 a.m.

No 17 Fresno Newhall Stockton 1:45 p.m.

To San Francisco:

Arr. San Fran. 10:00 a.m. 12:00 m.

No 10 San Fran. 12:00 m. 1:45 p.m.

Local Arr. W. Ber. only ex. Sun. 6:35 a.m.

Local Arr. W. Ber. only ex. Sat. 6:35 a.m.

Local Arrive Richmond 6:45 a.m.

No 20 Sacramento and Oceanside 7:25 a.m.

No 20 Bakersfield 10:05 a.m. Sacramento 1:00 p.m.

No 20 Point 10:05 a.m. Sacramento 1:00 p.m.

No 20 Los Angeles 10:05 a.m. Sacramento 1:00 p.m.

No 20 Sacramento and Oceanside 7:25 a.m.

No 20 Stockton & Fresno 7:25 a.m.

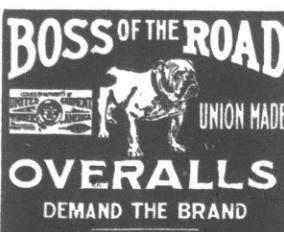
No 20 Los Angeles 10:05 a.m. Sacramento 1:00 p.m.

No 20 Sacramento and Oceanside 7:25 a.m.

No

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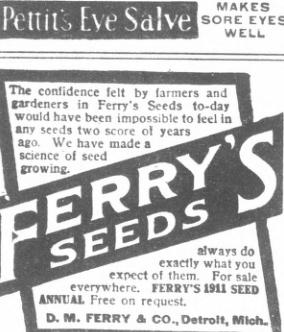
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## SOUR STOMACH

"I used Cascarates and feel like a new man. I have been a sufferer from dyspepsia and sour stomach for the last two years. I have been taking medicine and other drugs, but could find no relief only for a short time. I will recommend Cascarates to all. It is the only thing for indigestion and sour stomach and to keep the bowels in good condition. They are very nice to eat."

Harry Shuckett, Mauch Chunk, Pa. Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sticken, Weaken or Grippe. Do Good. Never in bad. The genuine tablet stamped "C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back."



But the trunkmakers prosper. "There," shouted the porter official, "what do you mean by throwing those trunks around like that?" The porter gasped in astonishment, and several travelers pinched themselves to make sure that it was real. Then the official spoke again: "Don't you see that you're making big dents in the concrete platform?"—Short Stories.

BETTER FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN THAN CASTOR OIL, SALTS OR PILLS, AS IT SWEETS AND CLEANSES THE SYSTEM MORE EFFICIENTLY AND IS FAR MORE PLEASANT TO TAKE.

## SYRUP of FIGS and ELIXIR of SENNA

IS THE IDEAL FAMILY LAXATIVE, AS IT GIVES SATISFACTION TO ALL, IS ALWAYS BENEFICIAL IN ITS EFFECTS AND PERFECTLY SAFE AT ALL TIMES.

NOTE THE NAME CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. in the Circle, on every Package of the Genuine.

ALL RELIABLE DRUGGISTS SELL THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE WHEN CALLED FOR, ALTHOUGH THEY COULD MAKE A LARGER PROFIT BY SELLING INFERIOR PREPARATIONS, YET THEY PREFER TO SELL THE GENUINE, BECAUSE IT IS RIGHT TO DO SO AND FOR THE GOOD OF THEIR CUSTOMERS. WHEN IN NEED OF MEDICINES, SUCH DRUGGISTS ARE THE ONES TO DEAL WITH, AS YOUR LIFE OR HEALTH MAY AT SOME TIME DEPEND UPON THEIR SKILL AND RELIABILITY.

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PRINTED STRAIGHT ACROSS, NEAR THE BOTTOM, AND IN THE CIRCLE, NEAR THE TOP, OF EVERY PACKAGE OF THE GENUINE, ONE SIZE ONLY, FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. REGULAR PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE.

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CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

## A MOUSE THAT SINGS

NOTES COMPARED TO SONG OF DISTANT NIGHTINGALE.

Song Is Very Sweet, but Consists of Only Two Notes Delivered With Rapid Alteration—No One Understands Species.

"A friendly collie," writes a correspondent of the Raja Yopa Messenger, "once told me of a singing mouse that crept out at luncheon time and shared his meal with him, and he offered to catch the little songstress and send her up to me."

"A few days after I received a com- mon looking house mouse, to whom I gave the name of Lizzie. She soon became quite tame, so that she would run over my shoulders, hide up my sleeve and nibble crumbs on the palm of my hand."

"Sometimes as she was thus eating I covered her over with the other hand, and if she felt this arrangement too warm she would gently pinch my skin between her teeth as a hint that she wanted more air."

"I kept her in a wire cage that stood upon the masterpiece of my bedroom, and not thinking it quite fair to condemn her to solitary confinement I trapped another mouse to keep her company."

"One morning I saw them giving one another a splendid wash and brushup with their tongues and claws. Each mouse meekly submitted to being groomed in turn and in fact they seemed to like the operation."

"When her family of blind, pink, blunt nosed, naked-mouslings, who she went almost wild with excitement and fear, started in and out of her nest box, singing at the top of her voice, and carried a helpless baby in her mouth."

"Her song was very sweet, but consisted of only two notes delivered with rapid alteration. She would sing even when sitting at rest in her bed, but when in active exercise the notes were poured forth in a shrill, rapid stream, which one admirer compared to the sound of a distant nightingale. An old collie in whose room I once left the mouse declared that her singing was "simply sublime." Many singing mice have been found, but no one quite understands them."

"Lizzie lived with me four years and to the last was always active, cheerful and contented; but little by little old age began to steal upon her. Her lively trot had lost nothing of its activity, but it became instead of a wrinkle. Her little pink paws began to splay and her teeth were now inclined to crack and snap and so she lived on bread and milk. One day I found her stiff and cold in the doorway of her nest. Topey. You whipped me this afternoon, but you'll sure get yours now!"

Giving Even.

Baby Tim had tried his mother's patience beyond endurance, and, declaring her intention of administering immediate corporal punishment, she snatched up the nearest available weapon, which happened to be Tim's big rag doll. Tim, though little hurt, howled lustily, and that night, taking the doll to bed with him as usual sternly exclaimed: "It's your turn now, Topey. You whipped me this afternoon, but you'll sure get yours now!"

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

for Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Seal Murine Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Balm and Eye Advice Free by Mail.

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

There is Hope.

It remained for a lawyer to select the twenty-one most beautiful words in the English language and thereby win a prize. It may occasion some surprise to note that neither "feeble" nor "retainer" appears in his list.

If your grocer doesn't sell Golden Gate Compressed Yeast, we will mail it direct.

Compressed Yeast, we will mail it direct for it to come regularly; two pounds for \$1.00, three pounds for \$1.50, five pounds for \$2.00.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

for Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Seal Murine Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Balm and Eye Advice Free by Mail.

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Butting In.

The adopted word "debut" is from the French. It means butting in, and adds the Louisville Courier-Journal, paying entrance fees that are often disproportionate to the rewards of arival.

No Lazy Children.

It is now asserted that there is no such thing as a lazy child. There is always some other explanation of the backward child, generally sickness or hunger.

Fashions may change, times grow better or worse, friends come or go, but Old Gilt Edge Whiskey remains the favorite.

Streak of Thunder Clap.

"Oh mamma," exclaimed a little girl, seeing her first rainbow. "Come and see this nice long streak of thunder clap up here in the sky!"

COUGH MEDICINES MAKE DOPE FIENDS

Binz-Bronch-Lytus contains no dope, will stop any cough, absolutely, by removing the cause. All druggists 25c, 50c, \$1.00, or send for free book look. Golden Gate Compressed Yeast Co., 26 Mint Ave., San Francisco.

No Black on Nature's Palette.

Nature uses no black in any part of our work—I will not except the blackberry and the so-called black jasmyne. On a bright, clear day, shadows on the snow are pale ultramarine blue; under a blue sky in midsummer the color of the placid lake is cobalt blue and the shadows of the grass are blue; on a weathered gray boardwalk, on a blue sky as the sky itself. The precipitating atmosphere of a warm July day lifts the coloring of the landscape to a higher, but softer key. Instead of reducing it with gray; and in the autumn when the sugar maple's leaves are turned to gold, the shadows on the trunk, and every gray rock in the vicinity, are tinged with strong blue. In fine, when the sun shines, everything, even the shadow which we are prone to believe is gray, is replete with color.—F. Schuyler Mathews.

Limit of Trouble.

Three times on the run between Worthington and Shoreham the beautiful prima donna's nearly new car had broken down. Ultimately coaxing it to enter Brighton, the fair lady received in the hotel porch the soliloquy of a sister artiste who had passed over her on the road. "Much trouble with my car, dear?" she echoed, bitterly. "Why, I couldn't have more trouble if I was married to the blessed machine!"—Sporting Times.

THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH IS HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

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